The Sketch

No. 2531—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

" M.T.C. D.R."

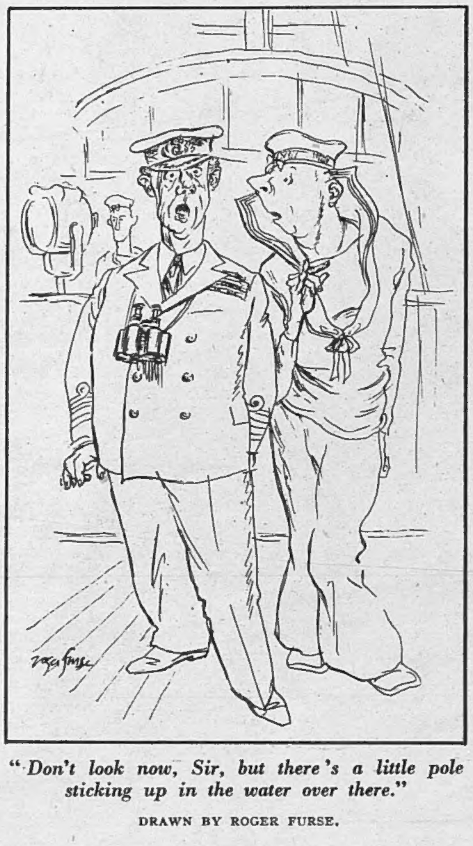
This is a war of initials, for in the bustle of the national emergency no one has time to refer to any organisation by its full name! It's hardly necessary to point out that the initials in this instance stand for Mechanised Transport Corps Dispatch Rider. The camera-study by Gilbert Adams is on view at the London Salon of Photography. We reproduce further works from this show on other pages.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Staff of Life.

Unlike so many of my colleagues of the Press, I have no private understanding with the planets and the future is no open book to me. Most guesses I was foolish enough to make about this war (I have long since given up the bad habit) have proved wrong, but there was one prophecy which I always felt could be made with complete confidence. It was that tobacco would prove one of the major munitions of war. This so-called "weed" has for many centuries established an extraordinary dominion over humanity, both civilised and primitive, and nobody has succeeded in diminishing its sway. Popes have banned it, Kings have fulminated against it, Sultans have made it a capital offence; but it has survived all assaults, and in time of trouble it is demanded by millions of men and women as a primary necessity of existence. At the present time it is more miraculous than ever. Theoretically, it does not exist, as every tobacconist's shop window bleakly informs you. Actually, it is being consumed, as one knew it would be consumed, in unparalleled quantities.



"Don't look now, Sir, but there's a little pole sticking up in the water over there."

DRAWN BY ROGER FURSE.

Take Your Pick.

One would have said, then, that it was a vegetable without peer in nature. But we have all learned with astonishment from correspondents of *The Times*, that it has an extraordinary number of rivals. One of my greatest surprises, in my desperate and unscrupulous search for nicotine, is the number of brands of cigarettes (they are all grist to my mill) of which I had never before heard; but I am even more surprised at the variety of brands of nature's own smoking-mixtures. Here are a few which I have selected at random: coltsfoot (a strong favourite), raspberry leaves (also very popular), chrysanthemum-leaves, *Datura Stramonium*, dried lavender (to be smoked in a hookah), bog myrtle, wild clematis, moss mullein, dried currant-leaves, and mugwort (the name of which sounds to me rather ominous, though perhaps appropriate). Nobody mentions tea-leaves, straw, brown paper, coconut matting, old rope or sawdust, but one correspondent, evidently with a grudge against his fellow-men, strongly commends "the stuffing from an old hassock." This is a dangerous suggestion; the thought of otherwise virtuous parishioners surreptitiously gutting the hassocks during their devotions gravely disturbs me.

The Human Bonfire.

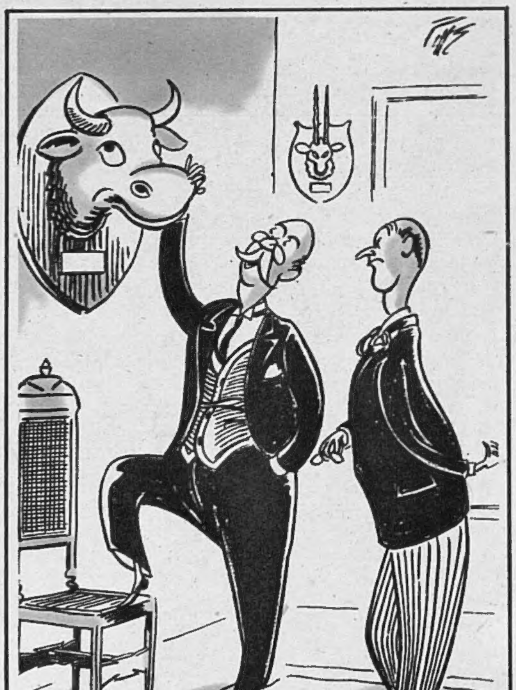
This embarrassment of riches applies not only to tobacco but to pipes. I thought I had smoked almost every kind of pipe, from a corn-cob to a *narghili*, but I seem to have been lacking in enterprise not making my own pipes out of holly, yew, Burma teak, and *Pterocarpus macrocarpus*. Oddly enough, I don't seem to have any teak or *macrocarpus* about the house, and until the supply completely fails, I think I will, in my dull, unimaginative way, stick to briar, even if it *is* full of putty. And powerful though the charms of raspberry-leaves and mugwort may be, I think I shall continue to put my faith in the established "weed," so long as I can find anybody to supply it to me. And if I can't—well, the autumn is coming on, and it is a comfort to know that there is such an ample stock of nice, dry, unrationed chestnut-leaves to beguile the long evenings. Not, however, until I am at my last gasper do I propose to turn myself into a garden incinerator or refuse destructor. There are limits to patriotism, and even to economy.

Marshal Buttinsky.

"Any news?" The flames crackle all round the world, until the smarting eye hardly notices a new outbreak; the voices blare new "sensations" every moment until the dulled ear hardly notices them. I wonder if there has ever been a major war of which the world has had so little accurate information as this titanic Russian campaign? Pity the poor historian who has to record it for posterity! But if the Russian communiqués are laconic, M. Lazovsky has invented one form of guerilla warfare which all must envy him. Have we not all longed at times to be able to *answer back* the radio voice? There are two types of talkers with whom it is impossible to argue—preachers and broadcasters. The Buttinsky Voice from Moscow has at last found the means of saying "Liar!", "Sez you!" and "Rats!" to the ether—and very offputting it must be to the Herr Doktor! If all broadcasters, like political speakers, had to study the art of dealing with rude interruptions, and awkward questions, our talks, commentaries and postscripts would be considerably enlivened. I look forward to the day when one of the Führer's own harangues will be punctuated by observations from Uncle Joe.

Passing the Time.

How different from the brutal, downright Chipinsky is the ever-obedient, ever-suave, and ever-ready Golden Voice, which seems to have a larger fan public than Alan, Bruce, and Alvar themselves! I see that in five years a hundred million persons have consulted the oracle—more, I am sure, for the sake of passing the time of day with her than of setting their watches right. She is the only really popular non-stop talker I ever heard of. Could she not be induced to entertain us during those programme intervals which have caused so much brain-racking at Broadcasting House? Those three plaintive notes are still proving fractious. The tinkling cymbal is replaced by the sounding brass. The trumpets and trombones, we are assured, present the "two dominant notes followed by one tonic note in C major in a more sonorous and virile form." It is nice to see the B.B.C. going all virile and Wagnerian, but to one listener at least, the dominants and tonics and majors still fail to charm, even with the old clock ticking away (rather discouraged) in the background. If we must have a ticker, give me TIM every time!



"I bagged this one on a dark night with the Home Guard."

DRAWN BY ARTHUR D. J. PITTS.

Fat of the Land.

Any other news of Armageddon? Yes, there's a lot about prunes. There are two thousand tons of prunes, ten thousand tons of sultanas, and six thousand tons of currants this month; but don't be too elated by these staggering quantities, because they work out at about one prune, sultana, or currant per head per week. There is "cooked boneless streaky or belly bacon" in rich profusion, but I do wish they would describe it more invitingly. There are eggs. I am told that as a rate-paying, law-abiding citizen, I have been entitled to no fewer than three eggs during September. I've only had one so far. When placed on the table, it climbed out of the cup, flapped its wings, and crowed at me in a provocative manner. I have not bothered about the other two—these violent excitements are too much for me at breakfast. Nor am I going to bother

about the onions which the State owes me. I understand that by filling up a complicated form I can get about four onions, of healthy size, to see me through the entire onion season. Ever ready to sacrifice myself for others, I yield my four onions to those whose need is greater than mine—of course for a suitable consideration. Any offers? Reasonable premium, unless I can get an unreasonable one. I'm also offering my quota of sausages, which I see are to be on the up-and-up. It may be fussy of me, but a bread-poultice wrapped in cellophane leaves me strangely cold.

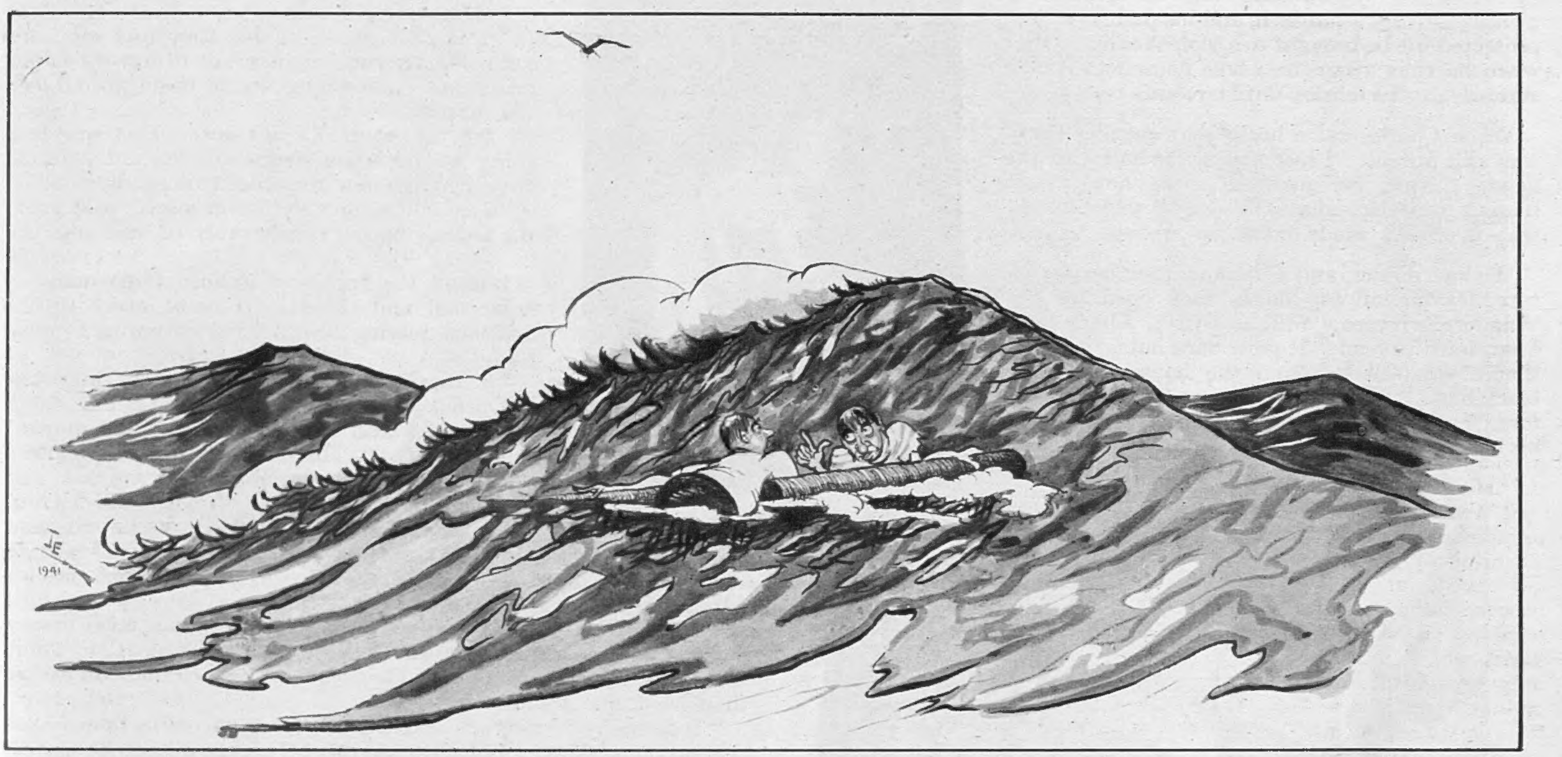
Milk for Babes. But if I can't have milk in my tea and with my porridge and in my Spartan luncheon rice, sago or tapioca (modest desires, surely!), then I shall definitely begin to grouse and render myself liable to arrest, and probably execution, for causing alarm and despondency. Without sharing in any way the sentiments of the late King Herod towards babies, I resent the favouritism which is being shown towards the young in this matter of milk. It is not only unfair, but it has evidently caused much confusion in the minds of mothers who have greedily applied for free milk for their offspring. One is reported to have applied for "a form for cheap milk," adding: "I have a baby eighteen months old, and did not know anything about it until a friend told me." This must be what is meant by Radiant Motherhood. Another writes: "Please send me a form for cheap milk as I am expecting mother." Surely mother deserves a little solid nourishment too? Another: "I posted a form by mistake before my child was properly filled in." Let us hope that, when the milk is received, this neglected child will be not only filled in but filled out. Yet another: "Please send me a form for supply of milk for having children at reduced prices." Does the applicant, perhaps, mean controlled prices? And finally: "I am getting married in December. Please send me a form for cheap milk. I may not have any babies, but you never know." A slight exaggeration—not never, but all in good time.

Foolish Virgins. Coal may not be as nutritious as milk, but it is just as necessary. Unfortunately, it is not supplied, with comparatively small production costs, by obliging cows; and I observed some little time ago that the Regional Commissioner for London was calling for a "pick and shovel *Blitzkrieg*." One can only hope that this *Krieg* has, like the Russians, been fighting stubbornly all along the front. To ordinary understanding, it does seem a little odd that this country, a great coal producer, now sending practically nothing abroad, should have difficulty in supplying itself. It seems even more odd that those who, at the urgent prompting of the Government, had the foresight to order ahead for the winter should now find that they were, if not actually selfish and unpatriotic, at least ill-advised; for all their orders are liable to be diverted at the whim of innumerable controllers and inspectors. It is hard on a virgin, when she is trying to be wise, to be told by a Controller that she was merely foolish. The fact is that coal is an extremely crude, clumsy, and unsatisfactory substance. An enormous amount of labour and transport is needed to bring to your grate a lump of coal which is consumed in a few minutes—and, even then, most of its energy has gone up the chimney. It is high time that we harnessed the tides, or stored the sunlight, or somehow dealt with this problem intelligently. Exactly how, please don't ask me—but what are scientists for?

Waiting at the Church. The spectre of the two-piece, or even one-piece civilian garment for men is again raising its grisly head, and there has been a vicious attack on the waistcoat as a White Elephant—at least, not necessarily white, but certainly elephantine. The waistcoat, I admit, is not without its absurdities, not the least of which is its name, for it is at least as much a chest-protector as a waist-coat, and some of us prefer to regard it in that light. But what all the critics of the waistcoat have failed to perceive is that its real utility is to serve as a sort of framework for a series of pockets. It is always tempting in warm weather to slough one's waistcoat, but the only result is that one never knows where to put anything. A waistcoat, after all, is to a man what a handbag is to a woman—a sort of indispensable scrap-heap, or lumber-room. Other garments lack these advantages, being designed, far less sensibly, as a chassis for buttons rather than for pockets. This was forcibly illustrated the other day at Geelong, Victoria, when a wedding ceremony was long held up by the absence of the best man. His wedding garment, or, at all events, the lower portion of it, had been delivered without buttons, and he was found feverishly trying to sew them on at the eleventh—nay, at the twelfth—hour. No man can justly be described as "best" in such circumstances.

From Poll to Poll. The activities of Dr. George Gallup, that wizard of the polls, always fascinate me, for his triumphs are many and his insight uncanny. He has lately been at work on the film public, and, as usual, he makes hay of many accepted notions. One had thought that every American, from the cradle to the grave, went to the flicks at least once a week, but apparently less than half the population (made up about equally of men and women) keep up that average. Again, one had supposed that every truly celluloid-minded girl languished over the Apollos of the screen, but Dr. Gallup is firm on the point that men go to see actors and women to see actresses. All very topsyturvy, but one axiom at least Dr. Gallup does vindicate. Comedians, he assures us, appeal to twice as many men as women. Now, what did we always tell you, my dears, about your sense of humour?

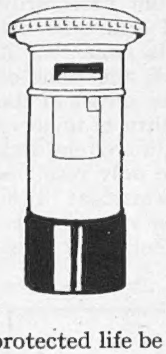
Scurrilous! The Army notoriously does not specialise in the meek and gentle, but, owing to the heavy mortality among grandmothers, it sometimes grants a thing called "compassionate leave." When, however, I read the other day that a witness in a court-martial case had been given "seven days passionate leave," it seemed to me that the compositor was doing a grave injustice to the Fighting Forces.



"—and mark you, Jefferson, it wasn't the sort of kiss that I keep for French Generals!" (DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.)

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



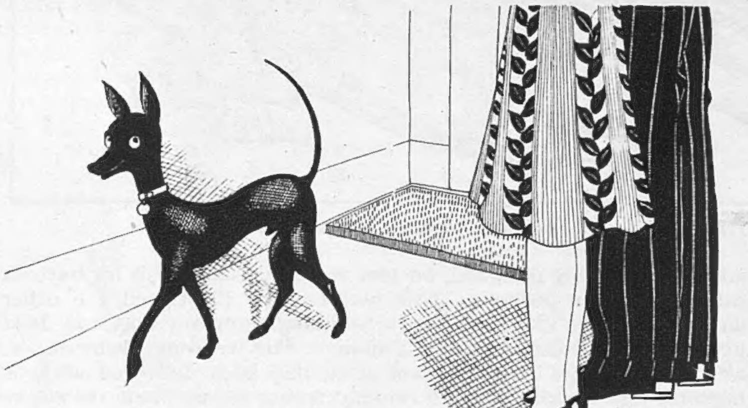
MY DEAR ROBERT—Perry was lost last week. Somebody left a door open and he walked out. There is no dog in the world as silly about traffic as Perry is. Motoring Residents always drive slowly past our house on his account, and soldiers have been known to stop dead and alight from their lorries in order to plead with him to move away from the front wheel. Our fear is that one day his insolent strolling will be ignored or unseen, and his pampered and protected life be brought to a violent end; so that when he runs away the whole household is in a state of nervous tension until he comes back again.

When Charles came home that evening Perry was still absent. I met him in the hall with the news. " Now, for goodness' sake, don't start fussing over that silly little dog ! " said Charles, who is always made cross by anxiety.

We had dinner, and Evensong took her departure, leaving all the doors wide open for the Wanderer's return. Still no Perry. Charles and I sat down to read. It grew dark outside, and in silence we walked round the house doing the black-out. " He's never been as late as this before," I said. Charles refused to answer, and opened his book with a stern expression on his face.

" He 's quite blind in the dark ! " I wailed.
" Will you be quiet ? " shouted Charles.

" Searched all over the garden."



" Perry walked in."

The next minute he sprang from his chair and said, " Listen ! What was that ? "
" What, Charles ? "
" I thought I heard him scratching at the door."
" All the doors are open, Charles," I said sadly.

At ten-thirty I took a torch and searched all over the garden, in case he was ill and lying under a bush.

At ten-forty-five Faith rang up to ask if he had come home, and said that she and the Conductor had seen him from the bus on their way to the Pictures, racing about the parade with all the cad-dogs of the village.

At eleven the Admiral rang up to say that his gardener had told him that he had seen Perry with some soldiers.

At eleven-thirty Charles and I walked up the Cliff Path, calling him by name. Our voices wailed in the darkness like the cries of Banshees, and somebody opened a window to ask if it was the Siren.

At midnight, as we walked in at one door, Perry walked in at the other. Of course, he hadn't really got a bowler-hat on the side of his head, but he gave that impression.

" Oh, Perry ! " I said.
" Beat him," said Charles.
" Beat him yourself," I said.

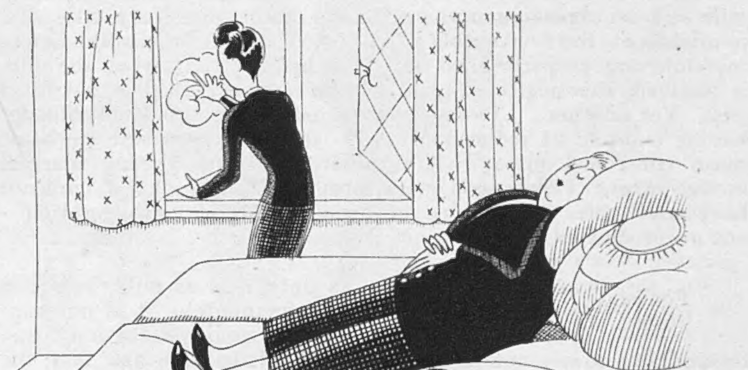
Perry walked jauntily across the room and jumped neatly into his basket. " An old gentleman of eighty-four," said Charles. " It 's disgusting."

Perry gave him a leer, turned round three times, lay down with a thump, heaved a long sigh and was asleep.

I have been busy lately taking the strips of material which I pasted carefully over the windows about a year ago off again. They had become covered with leprous spots and unpleasing to the eye, and it was a relief to get rid of them. I was engaged upon this pleasing task when I saw Lady B. coming up the garden path, and I dropped a little strip of wet linen on her.

" God bless my soul ! " said Lady B. " I suppose that was you, Henrietta. Can I come up ? "
" Of course," I said.
" I 'm glad you 're taking that stuff off," said Lady B., arriving slightly out of breath in my bedroom. " Are you going to paste net all over the glass ? "
" No," I said, " I am not. This winter is going to be quite depressing enough without having to live in a perpetual twilight as well."
" I couldn't agree with you more," said Lady B., settling herself comfortably on my bed.

I lifted the corner of a linen strip with my finger-nail and pulled. It came away with a delicious tearing sound. " Fascinating ! " said Lady B.
" I always imagined myself doing this while the bells were pealing for Victory," I said.
" There 's still the black-out to tear down," said Lady B. " That will be most enjoyable."
" When I pasted these strips on," I said as I polished the glass with a duster, " I was in a blue funk. I couldn't settle to anything, I was so frightened. But in some peculiar way, pasting strips of old table-cloths all over the windows steadied me. I felt much better after I 'd done it."
" I believe all those pasting instructions by the B.B.C. were nothing but a sedative to Housewives," said Lady B. " There are times when I think our Government understands us better than we think it does."
" It 's funny how much less frightened one is now, because, of course, there 's just as much reason to be frightened, if not more."
" We are given Strength," said Lady B. serenely. " It 's all there. It 's like a curtain being drawn aside. Inexhaustible courage and endurance, even for timid people like you and me."
I gathered a heap of strips off the floor and stuffed them into



" ' We are given Strength,' said Lady B. serenely."

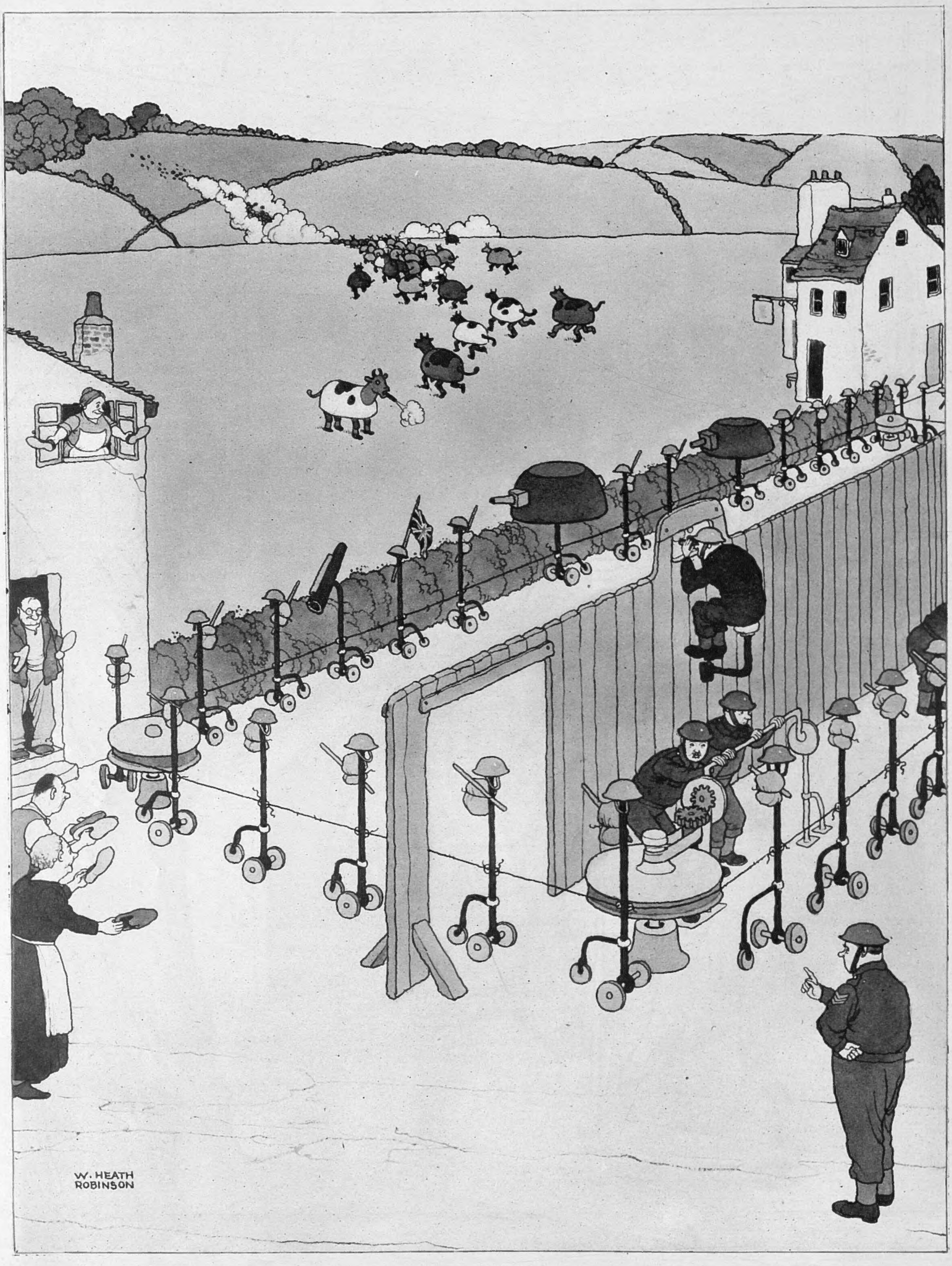
the waste-paper basket. " You aren't timid," I said. " You 're as brave as a lion. Come on, I expect the kettle 's boiling."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"NO, SIR, THIS IS NOT THE BRAINS TRUST!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



CAMOUFLAGE V. CAMOUFLAGE DURING INVASION PRACTICE ON THE EAST COAST.

Here is a neat idea for economising man-power during an invasion. A robot army on wheels parading with tanks and guns, with a bogus foot-slogging tramp organised by the sergeant, puts to rout the enemy, who have seen fit to disguise themselves as cows! Cows!

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

"AND THEN THE SOLDIER . . ." NO. 2.

Sherriffs has found some splendid subjects made to his hand among his comrades, both on parade and in their lighter moments of relaxation.

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

UNCLE JOE.

Stalin in the Kremlin
Heard the news and stopped tremlin,
Saying to Marshal Timoshenko
"I thenko!"

"PLEASE DON'T TRAMPLE THE TRENCHES DOWN."

—Notice at a rural defence point.

"Please don't trample the trenches down,
We need them to stop the invasion!"
Thus ran the message of Corporal Brown,
"Please don't trample the trenches down,
Remember, my boy, they belong to the Crown,
And are meant for a special occasion.
Please don't trample the trenches down—
We need them to stop the invasion!"

"Please don't trample the trenches down——"
It's only the schoolchildren care to.
Why, even our wenches don't stand on the trenches,
D'you think that the Nazis would dare to?
"*Please* don't trample the trenches down——"
If you're thinking of Otto and Hermann,
Did it never occur that the Nazis prefer
Their notices printed in German?

THE OLD SCHOOL TIEHARD.

Throw away my Old School Tie,
Carruthers,
And bring me out a Red one.
I used to think the only decent
Russian was a dead one.
But now we all think twicesky
We bow to Mr. Maisky,
So throw away my Old School Tie,
Carruthers,
Throw away my father's,
Throw away my brother's,
Throw away the Old School Tie,
Carruthers,
And let's all wear a Red one!

B.B.

Things won't slacken
Under Mr. Bracken.
Let's hope that Brendan
Will give the M.O.I. a happy endan.

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY;
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

TOUGH GUYS OF THE ARMY! THE PARATROOP BOYS.

THESE are the first pictures of British parachute troops with their special equipment. They are picked men, chosen for their quickness of brain, daring character and athletic prowess. Their training is rigorous and highly specialised, and the kit they wear is carefully devised for their dangerous job. Their crash helmets are of unusual design, shaped to the head. Their equipment floats down in kit-bags attached to parachutes which follow them to earth.

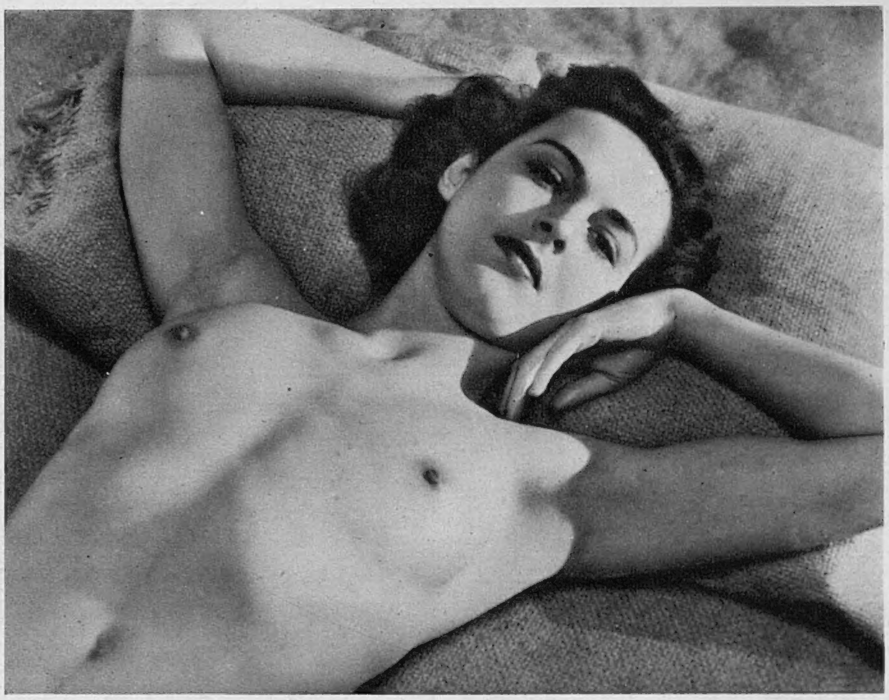
Happy landings practice! The right way to come down by parachute.

With crash helmets and special equipment: A paratroop trio, characteristic personalities of our "tough guy" Force.

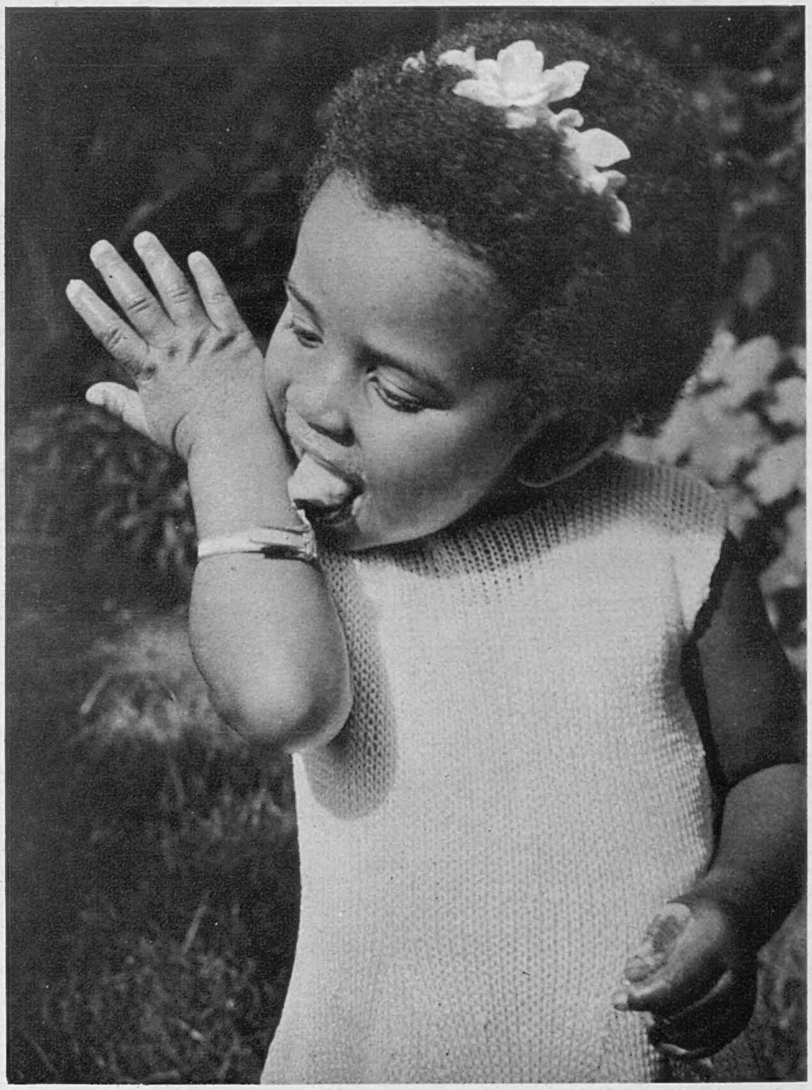
A close-up of typical British parachutists wearing their special-shaped crash helmets with earpieces.

MARTHA AND MARY.

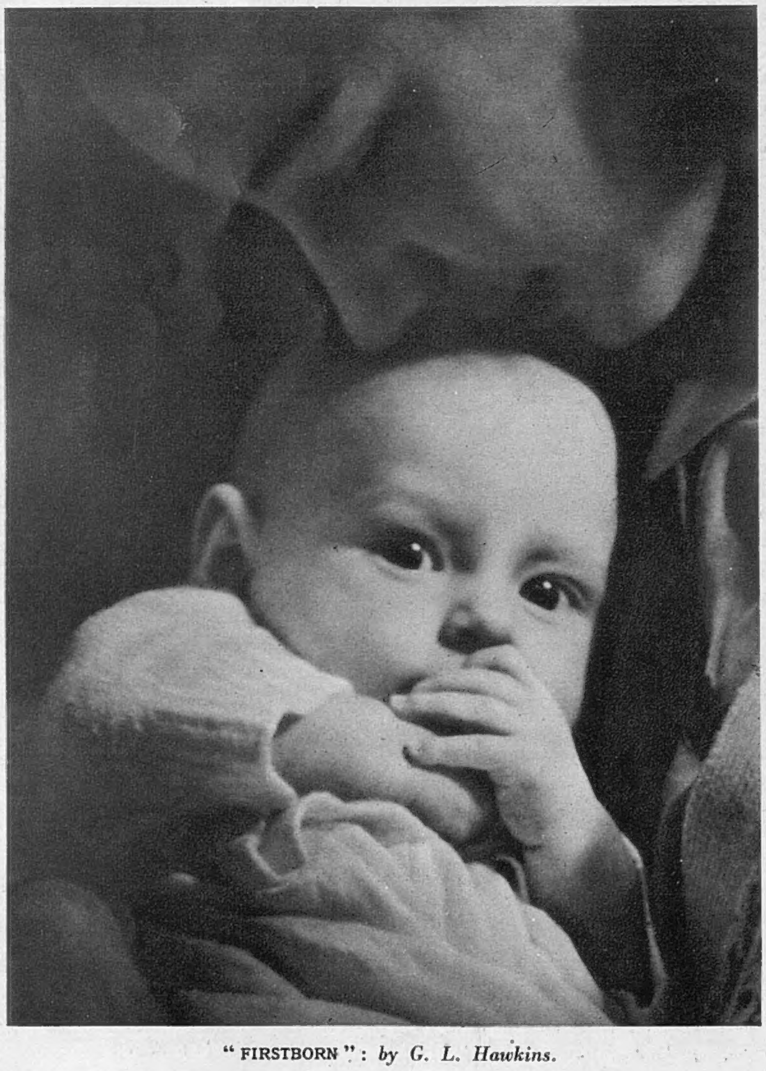
"THE THEATRE SISTER": *by Dr. Julian Smith.*



"INDOLENCE": *by P. H. Oelman.*



"WASTE NOT": *by Lancelot Vining.*



"FIRSTBORN": *by G. L. Hawkins.*

These delightful camera studies from the London Salon of Photography illustrate feminine energy and passivity—the Martha and Mary types, in fact. The purposeful and efficient theatre sister may be contrasted with the lovely lazy girl; and it's obvious that the piccaninny is going to grow up full of drive; while the big-eyed baby may well become a dreamer or a poet. The mother represents the type of calm Madonna beauty.

EUCLID'S GIRL FRIEND.

Some people might think that Euclid hardly deserved so fascinating a girl friend, but the arrangement in curves and angles is undoubtedly an equation of beauty! The camera study, on view at the thirty-second annual exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the R.S.P.W. Galleries in Conduit Street, is by Donald S. Herbert.

ROYAL COMING-OF-AGE, WEDDINGS, PEOPLE IN THE LIGHTER AND

KING PETER II. *of Yugoslavia arriving at St. Paul's with his mother,* QUEEN MARIE, *for the service to celebrate his coming-of-age.*

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. PICKERING, R.A., *married* MISS MAUREEN SARGENT, *only daughter of Engineer-Captain J. J. Sargent, R.N. (Ret.), at Church Stretton.*

Left: LORD PENTLAND *married* MISS LUCY ELISABETH BABINGTON-SMITH, *third daughter of the late Sir Henry Babington-Smith, and of Lady Elisabeth Babington-Smith, at Eton College Chapel.*

The HON. PAMELA STANLEY, *daughter of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, is engaged to* SIR DAVID CUNYNGHAME, BT., *of Milncraig, R.A.F.V.R. She created the title-rôle in "Victoria Regina."*

MRS. WATERSON, *wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa, chatted to* MISS M. N. COLES, *of Durban, when, with Admiral Sir Edward Evans, she visited the River Emergency Stations.*

ENGAGEMENTS AND WAR-WORKERS: BRIGHTER SIDE OF WARTIME NEWS.

MISS ANNE LLOYD-THOMAS, *who helps to run a Y.M.C.A. tea canteen somewhere in England, is seen surrounded by a crowd of hungry customers.*

VOL. MARJORIE PRICE, A.T.S., *daughter of Major-General B. Price, married* CAPTAIN HUGMAN, *17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, at Aldershot. She earned a citation for gallantry in the Café de Paris raid.*

MISS CARMEN MacGLASHAN *is engaged to Captain Peter Forbes, whom she met when he was A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Clive Liddell. The marriage will take place in October.*

CAPT. P. FORBES, *of Steuart Hall, nr. Stirling, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, is engaged to Miss MacGlashan. He is the son of Comdr. and Mrs. Forbes, and grandson of the late Col. Forbes of Rothiemay.*

ACTING SQUADRON LEADER A. P. GRAY, A.A.F., *elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan B. Gray, and* MISS PAMELA MARY McCLINTOCK, *only daughter of the late Flight. Lieut. Ronald McClintock, M.C., R.A.F., will marry on October 25.*

MISS OLIVIA BARING, *only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon Guy Baring, M.P., Coldstream Guards, and of the Hon. Mrs. Baring, is engaged to Captain Cecil Feilden, Coldstream Guards.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"MAN HUNT" (Odeon) is a Hollywood film which will be enormously successful, sweepingly popular and about which I feel a certain amount of personal bitterness.

The simple fact is, that this film ought to have been made in England. It has just the qualities of melodrama, plus realism and the sporting chance, that an English director such as Carol Reed could have handled to the full. It is, in essence, part of the English character and the English laconic mood. It is, or should be, Buchanish, picaresque, an adventure of the British countryside.

If I had had my way, it would have been made in England. The day after the original novel, Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male," was published, I took a copy over to a certain British studio. I saw three different executives, all of whom were in a position to negotiate for the film rights. I told them "Rogue Male" was a winner, tried hopelessly to persuade them to buy it. All three gentlemen were courteous; two of them wrote down the title in a little notebook; not one, so far as I know, took any further steps in the matter. One of them did trouble to explain, in self-justification, that the novel had no love-interest. At all events, Hollywood quickly snapped up what Greater London had neglected. Since I don't know Mr. Household, nor even if he *is* Mr. Household, and have no interests, financial or otherwise, in the negotiations, I suppose I have no cause to grumble. But it does seem to me a pity that our straitened film companies should have overlooked so obvious a prize.

"Hold Back the Dawn" (Plaza) has a Mexican border town for background. Georges Iscovescu (CHARLES BOYER), *Rumanian dancer and refugee from Europe, is trying to get into the States when he meets school teacher Emmy Brown* (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND), *makes love and tricks her into a mariage de convenance. Emmy has to go to California with her pupils, and leaves Georges behind to wait for his visa.*

The Hollywood version has been made by Austrian director Fritz Lang, written boldly up to date by script-writer Dudley Nichols. There's a love-interest now all right, as anyone might have guessed who knew the film industry. There is also a topical slant which novelist Geoffrey Household, writing ahead of his time, was obviously unable to specify. As an admirer of Hollywood's opportunists, I don't grudge these good folk a moment of their triumphs. They have done a workmanlike, exciting job in turning "Rogue Male" into "Man Hunt." What distresses me is that the workmanlike, exciting job might have been just that much better if it had been made here in Europe, where the detail would have been convincing as well.

Hearing that Emma has met with an accident on her way to California, Georges suddenly feels love rising in him for his tricked marriage-partner. He makes his way over the international boundary in a hail of bullets, with immigration officials in hot pursuit. An inspector hears his story with sympathy, lets him into the hospital and Georges and Emma are reunited.

The story of "Rogue Male," written before the war cleared the decks for action, told of an English sportsman who went out to get an unnamed dictator with a sporting rifle. It would have been an exciting item, even if played in Ruritania. "Man Hunt," war-made and without any inhibitions, points the gun-barrel direct at Hitler. A British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) goes stalking in the Bavarian Alps. Across a ravine, on the terrace of a house guarded by Storm Troopers, he sights his quarry. Lying hidden in the bushes, he cautiously fits a telescope-sight to his sporting rifle, allows for the wind, takes careful aim and curls his finger lovingly towards the trigger.

A Nazi trooper spoils his aim. The hunter is caught, questioned, third-degreed, left for dead and finally escapes to England. There, without sanctuary from his own police, the Gestapo agents (principally George Sanders) follow his trail. The interpolated love-interest, in the shape of an incredible Cockney waif (Joan Bennett), befriends him, one traitor is thrown off the scent and killed in an exciting chase on the Underground, and finally, in a quite preposterous but exciting climax, the hunted hunter turns the tables on his pursuers. The end of the film shows the intrepid stalker returning to the Reich, parachuted this time on to German soil from a British bomber. He is armed with a brand-new sporting rifle and a steely purpose. It may take weeks, or months, or years, says the Voice of Experience from the sound-track, but somewhere, some time, the hunter will get his game.

To an experienced British audience, "Man Hunt" will seem preposterous in parts, but that doesn't spoil its quality as a first-rate dramatic thriller. Fritz Lang, directing, says that he has tried to incorporate in the work some of the methods that made his reputation as an outstanding Continental director. He has built up suspense with a masterly touch. Using unusual camera angles and low-key lighting, he has given the effect of urgency and the macabre. "Man Hunt" is a brilliant, imaginative job by a man who is too far away from his subject to get the full impact and force of realism.

Former dancing partner Anita Dixon (PAULETTE GODDARD) *is also trying to get a quota number for entry into the States. She has married a race-track jockey to get "over the line" and then divorced him. Georges tells Anita that once he is over the border he will "brush off" his bride and they can skip to New York for dancing engagements together.*

"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS" (Carlton) has atmosphere too, but a rather specialised and esoteric atmosphere. The setting is the Ozarks, the drama one of those hill-billy feuds that seem as remote to British audiences as dawn in Budapest.

The film opens on a haunting note, with the appearance of a Stranger (Harry Carey) at the home of wild, fey, deer-footed Sammy Lane (Betty Field), daughter of the mountains. The Stranger finds himself in the midst of a bitter, self-centred community, who regard every newcomer with suspicion, and fancy they have a curse over their heads, a vengeance, a haunting.

Many years ago, it seems, the father of one Matt (John Wayne), bachelor of this parish, has deserted his wife and left her to die—a deed which young Matt has sworn to avenge with murder. Not until the Stranger has bought a haunted plot known as Moanin' Meadow, the property of Matt's lost mother, and an embittered grandmother (Marjorie Main), blind from birth, has recovered her sight and pointed

the finger at the family curse, is it made clear to the simple Ozarkians that the Stranger in their midst is the father whom young Matt has sworn to kill.

The audience, more educated types, have, of course, summed up the situation long ago. For them, the interest lies in the wild atmosphere, the Technicolor photography that somehow points up the film's more lurid aspects. "Shepherd of the Hills" is deliberately slow-paced. It is the lexicon of a slow-speaking, slow-thinking people. It dallies with a man's dumb thoughts when he re-visits the home of his dead wife the emotions of a blind woman on discovering that there is really an earth, and a wide sky, and the faces of children. It isn't, perhaps, a film for to-day's crowded hour. Or is it, after all? The Ozark types are warmly played throughout, and I had a particular pleasure in re-encountering that touching girl, Betty Field, the changeful heroine of "Of Mice and Men" and "Victory."

The mere announcement that "LOVE CRAZY" (Empire), stars Myrna Loy and William Powell is enough to tell filmgoers all they want to know. It is another uproarious show of the type that began with "The Thin Man" and has continued with every effort of these two to explore the possibilities of extracting humour from marital adventure; and, as always, they contrive to make the oldest situations seem fresh, the oldest jokes seem funny and the stalest gags seem new. It would be difficult to imagine anything less promising than the bare bones of the story with which they were asked to wrestle. There is a marital misunderstanding, the wife sues for a divorce and the husband pretends to be insane in order to hold up the proceedings. That 's all! But in the hands of William Powell and Myrna Loy it becomes plenty!

In the other screwy films he has made, William Powell has had to do quite a lot, but in "Love Crazy" there is practically nothing he hasn't to do. He plays arrant slapstick in one sequence, where he is trapped in an elevator and left hanging on an upper floor while the lift slips away to the basement. For long stretches he has to act the perfect goof while at the same time he is busy assuring a Lunacy Commission as well

"Love Crazy" (Empire) presents Steve (WILLIAM POWELL) *and Susan Ireland* (MYRNA LOY) *in the throes of plans for their third wedding anniversary. Susan's mother, Mrs. Cooper* (FLORENCE BATES) *arrives, and overhears Steve's plans to meet an old girl friend; the subsequent misconstructions send Susan flying to get a divorce. Before the hearing they meet again, and the lawyer tells Steve if he wants the case postponed he has two alternatives. He can break his leg or feign lunacy. He chooses the latter, is sent to an asylum, from which he escapes dressed as a woman.*

Steve goes squirrel, and wants Brazils. Susan feels that he is acting, but she can't persuade anyone else to agree.

as the audience that he is perfectly sane. And he winds up the film by playing his own pretended sister, complete with spinster's garb and falsetto voice. If he doesn't hit anyone with the kitchen stove it 's only because there doesn't happen to be a kitchen stove handy at the time!

William Powell is such an easy and accomplished actor that it seems rather a pity he is apparently condemned to play nothing but a succession of whacky burlesques. If he has ever given a bad performance in his life I don't remember it. He deserves better material than this.

At the same time I don't know any actor who could have handled this film in the same triumphant manner, nor any actress who could have given him such competent support. The success this film is going to have is entirely due to its stars. If it had been left to producer, writers and technicians it would have been redolent of mothballs and little else.

A film of an entirely different calibre is "THIS MAN REUTER" (Warner), starring Edward G. Robinson. It is the story of Paul Julius Reuter, founder of the present official international news agency that still bears his name. As a small boy, he is impressed by a newspaper man who complains of the delays in transmitting news. Later, this bears fruit in his starting a system of pigeon post. From then on he has to contend with rivals, with repeated threats of failure and even with definite accusations of fraud when, long after pigeons had given way to telegraphs, he was hours ahead of everyone else with news of the assassination of Lincoln on the other side of the Atlantic. The news caused a panic on the Stock Exchange and, because Reuter's first despatch was disbelieved, there was rioting, during which his life was threatened. Even the American Ambassador was in ignorance of the news, and Parliament became so disturbed that an official investigation and trial were called for. But Reuter was vindicated, and the imprint of reliability put on his service.

"This Man Reuter" is the latest of a long series of biographical films with which Warners have made something of a name for themselves. They have also made a reputation, in Hollywood at any rate, for their director, William Dieterle. "Louis Pasteur," "The White Angel," "The Life of Émile Zola," "Juarez," "Dr. Erlich's Magic Bullet"—it is an impressive list, and the latest keeps up well with the tradition the others have established. Dieterle is a painstaking director with an obvious love of his subject, and there is a spirit of realism and truth behind every shot that is unmistakable. Edward G. Robinson has rarely, if ever, given a better performance, and it is quite captivating to see the way our own Edna Best, as Reuter's wife, seizes with both hands one of the few sympathetic parts she has been allowed to have.

If you feel inclined to let the title of "HOLD BACK THE DAWN" (Plaza), put you off—don't. It 's first-rate entertainment from any point of view, and Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland and Paulette Goddard make the most of a distinctly original story. It doesn't sound original, told in cold print—just the story of a thoroughly bad hat (Charles Boyer), whom the war has brought to a Mexican border town, where he is told he will have to wait several years before he can get a quota number and enter the United States. In order to circumvent the law he marries a little American school-teacher (Olivia de Havilland), but plans all the time to desert her when he is safely in the States, and resume activities with his former dancing partner (Paulette Goddard).

But he begins to be genuinely fond of his wife, and the infuriated partner exposes him to her. She, heartbroken, drives off into America. She meets with an accident and is taken to hospital. Her husband, by this time genuinely in love with her, breaks across the border to go to her, the immigration officers in hot pursuit. Naturally, it all ends happily, and a little sentimental forgetfulness on the part of the immigration officer enables husband and wife to enter America to start life anew with the law's blessing. Well, that 's the story, more or less, but you couldn't possibly tell it in any way that would do justice to the way it has been treated by the director. "Before we tell you the story," says a title at the beginning of the film, "let us tell you how we came by it. One day a man walked into the Paramount Studios in Hollywood. . . ." And there is such an original opening from that point that it would not be fair to the film to disclose it.

The dog can't quite make up his mind either. Is Master a little bit more eccentric than usual or isn't he?

W.A.A.F. BATHING GIRL PARADE WATCHED BY A ROYAL DUCHESS:

Swim-suited W.A.A.F.s giving a physical-training demonstration on the lawn.

Girls filing in after the display in th

PHOTOGRAPH

One of the last public engagements which H.R.H. the Duches she would, for the present, undertake no more such duties, wa where in England. It was a lovely day, and the Duchess display of P.T. clad in bathing-suits. The happy faces of youth transformed the drill into a real beauty parade. It was

SWIM-SUITED P.T. AT A STATION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

[w]hich was followed by a swim [in the ri]ver.

[C]ECIL BEATON

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *having tea while watching the display.*

[o]f Gloucester fulfilled before the announcement was made that [a] visit to a W.A.A.F. station, situated in a country house some-[where ... o]n the lawn and had tea while watching the W.A.A.F.s give a [... th]e girls, their healthy, graceful figures and air of radiant [... fo]llowed by a swim in the river, which the Duchess also watched.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MARLENE DIETRICH—*for being the New York Fire Chiefs' flame.*

THESE AMERICAN BEAUTIES—*for putting their best feet upward.*

THIS OXFORD LADY—*for packing up her trouble in her old kit-bag.*

BETTY GORDON—*for being New York's five-foot-one-inch, 100-pound Glamour Girl.*

MISS VALERIE HIGGINS—*for being the first woman keeper of the London Zoo.*

MARLENE DIETRICH was voted for by delegates at the New York National Convention of Fire Chiefs as the woman they would most like to rescue in a fire. She is seen in hospital with a fractured ankle.

MISS PHILADELPHIA, MISS MARYLAND, MISS SOUTH CAROLINA, MISS CALIFORNIA and MISS EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA posed for a photograph feet upward *en route* to the Miss America Beauty Pageant in Atlantic City

THE OXFORD LADY has chosen an easy way for carrying her dachshund when she goes hiking.

THESE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS CADETS—*for thinking the proper end to a first solo flight is a good ducking.*

BETTY GORDON, eighteen-year-old Garden City, N.Y. girl, has been elected Glamour Girl for 1941. Her height, weight and looks are just perfect.

MISS VALERIE HIGGINS has just been appointed keeper to the London Zoo. In 1934-6 she was superintendent of the Pets' Corner, and started her new duties last week at the Small Cats House, looking after pandas, kinkajous, and other felines.

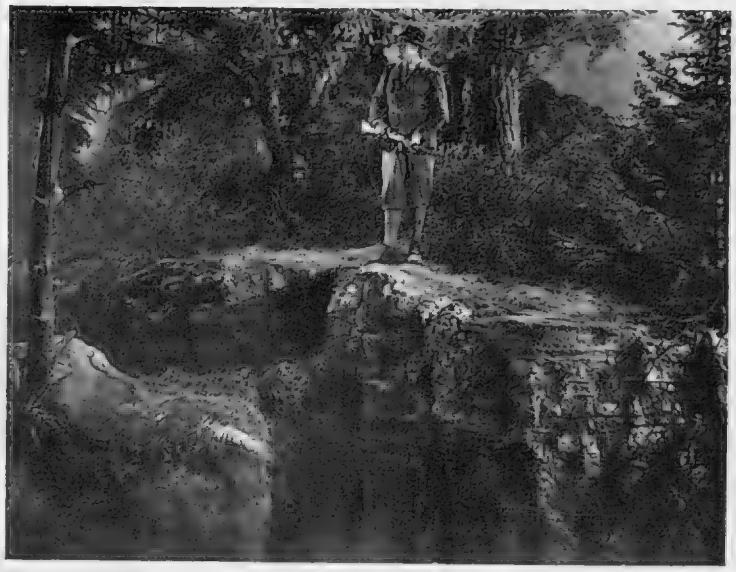
CADETS OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS after a first solo flight have a merry habit of carrying the pilot off to the shower for a good ducking.

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL, author of the world-famous best-seller, "Gone With the Wind," launched the new American light cruiser "Atlanta" at Kearny, N.J. This will be a real "Gone With the Wind" ship, for the scene of her novel is laid in and around the American town of Atlanta during the Civil War.

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL—*for putting Atlanta on the map and on the sea.*

AFTER VERY BIG GAME!: "MAN HUNT."

Captain Thorndike (WALTER PIDGEON) *has been captured attempting to shoot Hitler. It is before the war, so Major Quive-Smith* (GEORGE SANDERS) *stages a sham over-the-cliff suicide.*



Famous big-game hunter Thorndike stalking the world's most hated man, Hitler, in the Bavarian mountains. He has a special long-range rifle.

Major Quive-Smith attempts to force Thorndike to admit that he has attempted to shoot Hitler on the orders of the British Government. The period is after Munich and before the war.

Thorndike, hidden in a deep, narrow cave in England, is horrified to hear the voice of his enemy, Quive-Smith, who has discovered his hiding-place, but cannot effect an entry.

In deadly peril! Thorndike walks into a Nazi trap at home in England, but succeeds in escaping from sinister Mr. Jones (JOHN CARRADINE).

"MAN HUNT," new Twentieth Century-Fox film, which was due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on September 22, is a thrilling picture. It opens in pre-war Bavaria, just after Munich. Captain Thorndike, famous big-game hunter, nearly takes a long-range shot at Hitler, but is discovered, tortured and questioned by the Gestapo, who want to prove him a British Government agent. A sham suicide is staged, but Thorndike escapes, only to find that in England his peril is as great as in Germany. Cockney Jerry tries to help him, but his chief enemy, Quive-Smith, tracks him to his secret cave, and it is only by Thorndike's skill in improvising a weapon that he escapes. War breaks out, and the last shot shows Thorndike baling-out of a 'plane over Germany, armed with his long-range rifle—on the man-hunt once more!

Jerry (JOAN BENNETT), *gallant little Cockney girl, does her best to help Thorndike escape from his pursuers. He has got back to England, but is still in grave danger.*

BRITISH STATESMEN OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS:

The Secretary of State, Lord Grenville (ALFRED SANGSTER; *standing*) *informs the Cabinet that France has declared war on Austria and invaded Belgium. Pitt* (ROBERT DONAT) *is on the right.*

"Do you think you could form a Government, Mr. Pitt?" King ... statesman when he receives him at a

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT," new Twentieth Century production, directed by Carol Reed, presents the England of George III. during the great struggle against Napoleon, when young William Pitt was at the helm and succeeded in steering the country to victory. Robert Donat plays Pitt; and other great figures of the time, Charles James Fox, William Wilberforce, champion of liberty, who stood for the abolition of slavery, Napoleon Bonaparte himself, Talleyrand and George III. are all presented on the screen. Much trouble has been taken to ensure the recreation of the atmosphere of the period. The Houses of

[*Continued opposite.*

"It is time you went to bed." The Earl of Chatham (*played by* ROBERT DONAT *in the early sequences*) *bids good-night to his son, William Pitt* (GEOFFREY ATKINS), *after giving him advice as to his future.*

"That is party spirit run mad!" ROBERT DONAT *for his refusal to form a united government when*

Left: Brooks's Club as it was in 1783. The Duke of Bedford (ALAN BADEL), *Lord North* (FELIX AYLMER), *and Charles James Fox* (ROBERT MORLEY) *at the gaming table.*

Contemporary wax portrait of the great William Wilberforce.

Left: PHYLLIS CALVERT *as Eleanor Eden.*

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT" AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

George III. (RAYMOND LOVELL) puts this great question to the young
moment of crisis in British history.

"I am ready to lead an expedition against your island!" Napoleon (WILFRED LAWSON) *threatens the British Ambassador with a renewal of war. Talleyrand* (ALBERT LIEVEN) *is on the right.*

as William Pitt upbraids Fox (ROBERT MORLEY)
Britain is on the brink of war with France.

"What's all this about, William?" William Wilberforce (JOHN MILLS) *finds bailiffs at No. 10, and discovers that Pitt* (ROBERT DONAT) *has been too preoccupied with affairs of State to attend to his own business.*

Continued.]

Parliament have been "rebuilt" at Shepherd's Bush as they were before the fire of 1832; Georgian London has also been largely reconstructed for the screen, and St. James's Street, Old Bond Street and Downing Street are seen in the picture as they were 150 years ago. The scenes in Brooks's Club (which, of course, still exists) have an authentic flavour, and it will amuse readers to compare the reproductions of the contemporary wax portrait reliefs by Catherine Andras, maker of the wax effigy of Nelson in Westminster Abbey, with the make-up worn by Robert Morley and John Mills as Charles James Fox and William Wilberforce.

Contemporary wax portrait of Charles James Fox.

Right: ROBERT DONAT *as William Pitt.*

Right: Election methods in 1784. Charles James Fox (ROBERT MORLEY) *treats the electors to gain their votes. Dramatist Richard Brinsley Sheridan* (MAX ADRIAN) *is in the background.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"WALK INTO MY PARLOUR" is the story—the life-story almost—of Emma Shardiloe, medium and clairvoyante. It opens in 1891 with an evening party that Emma's mother, a retired actress, was giving at her house on Brixton Hill; it ends in 1939 at a flat in Pimlico in circumstances much less affluent and in a spirit far less gay. On the whole, the graph of Emma's life traces a declining curve.

The reasons for this lay deep in her own character. It is true that to some extent circumstances were against her. Her elder sister, Lily, was prettier and more popular both in the family circle and in the outside world; Emma suffered from that fatal sense of inferiority that is now held to explain and excuse so much; it was responsible for the unkind if amusing pranks with which she constituted herself, for a time, a domestic poltergeist; it made an "exhibitionist" of her. All her life she schemed to get attention, to be noticed, admired, and wondered at. Like her mother, she was a born actress, but unlike her mother, the sentimental, scene-loving, warm-hearted Mrs. Shardiloe, her acting poisoned the springs of her life, her nature was nearly, though not quite, devoid of sincerity. Her relationship with people was determined not by what she felt for them, but by the effect she had on them. Hence her ambition to become a medium; she realised there was no more certain way of gaining attention than by giving bereaved persons spirit messages from their dead friends. But just as only nine-tenths of her spiritualistic activities were fraudulent, and there remained the genuine psychical experience she had had as a child, so in her own nature there remained a seed of honesty which, in middle life, put forth a few timid shoots. They might have reached a more imposing development, for she had her chances; people liked her as much as she let them, and much more than she liked them. Her parents, their friend, Mr. Morton, the conjurer, their maid, Bessie, her sister's fiancé, whom at the eleventh hour she nearly annexed, and lastly her husband, surrounded her with different kinds of devotion; but she valued it only for the self-glory it brought her, the rise in the temperature of her self-esteem.

A Series of Close-ups. Miss Margaret Lane tells the story in a series of close-ups illustrating significant moments in Emma's career. She does not summarise or condense, she skips; an admirable method in many ways, for it gives us the exact taste of life, and Miss Lane excels at minutiæ of feeling and impression. There are strokes of pure naturalness in the book that amount almost to genius, and isolated scenes—Emma's visit to the castle in Ireland, for instance—which are unforgettable. But the method has its dangers, too. The Irish interlude, for instance, admirable as a short story, is less satisfactory considered as part of a design. It strikes a note which has never sounded before, and never sounds again. Moreover, Edward, when we next meet him as Emma's husband, seems a different creature from Edward in Ireland; and though we can readily agree that Emma would have changed any husband for the worse, she ought not to have changed him almost to the point of being unrecognisable. This is the drawback to Miss Lane's method: what it gains in vividness it loses in continuity of presentation: a series of snapshots cannot be as self-consistent as a single portrait though it is often more arresting. Granted that Emma's gift for self-dramatisation made her seem like several women in one, it is still a far cry from the Emma of the séances to the Emma of those last hours with Edward before he went into the nursing-home. And another drawback of these isolated scenes is that they do not combine into a pattern and the construction of the story accordingly suffers.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *and* MR. MAISKY, *Russian Ambassador, cordially grasped each other's hand on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, after the celebration service held on the coming-of-age of eighteen-year-old King Peter of Yugoslavia, a great great-grandson of Queen Victoria. T.M. the King and Queen, King Haakon of Norway, with the Crown Prince, and Queen Marie of Yugoslavia attended the service, besides other royalties, the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps, making it the greatest Allied gathering yet held in London. Seven Bishops, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated.*

Loose Ends.

Considered as a work of art, "Walk into My Parlour" is not perhaps a very good novel. But it is an extremely and almost continuously interesting one. Miss Lane's treatment of her heroine's adventures in spiritualism would have been more exciting if, like Miss Margaret Kennedy in "The Midas Touch," she herself had been susceptible to the romance of the occult; but it is nevertheless absorbing. That very respect for the loose ends that life leaves which makes her story, from the point of view of construction, rather untidy, is, in another way, a source of strength; it gives us confidence in her integrity, though at the same time it slightly disappoints us—as when, for instance, the return of Lily's husband, so dramatic in itself, is left as an anti-climax. In fact, few novelists have greeted anti-climax with a better grace than Miss Lane does. Nor does she make the refusal of life to yield itself to the reader's wish-fulfilment seem ineffectual or ironical; she makes it seem inevitable. Life is what interests her; life and the sacrifices, conscious and unconscious, of happiness, aspiration and personality which human beings make in adapting themselves to it.

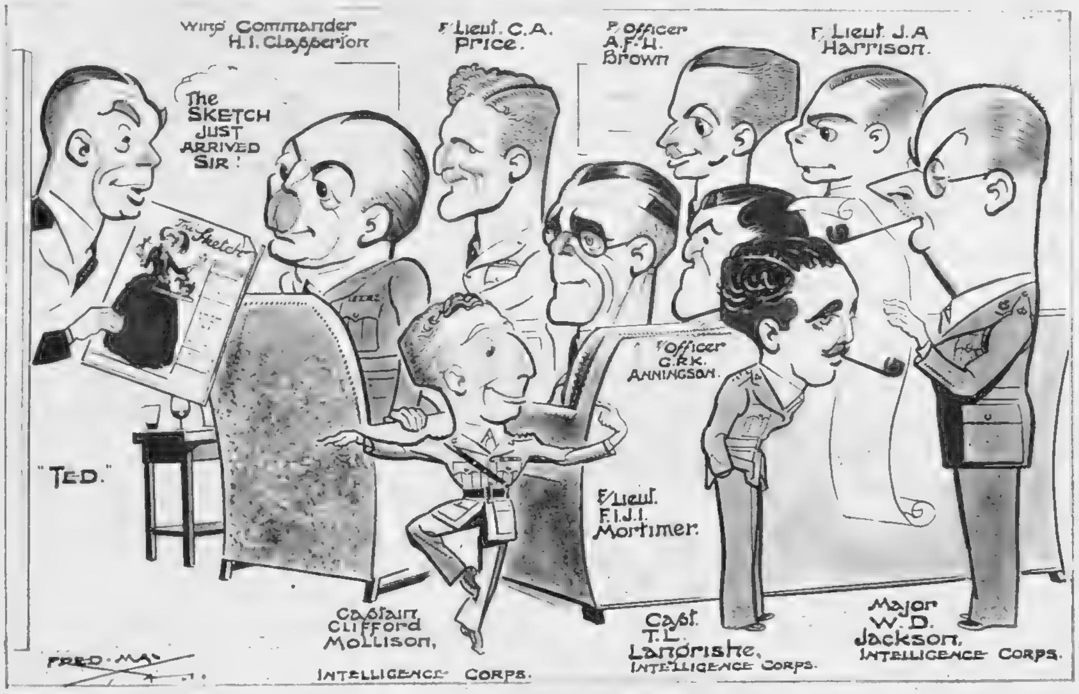
MRS. ANTHONY WHITLOCK *gave a party last week to people connected with the new "Eagle Squadron" film. Perhaps she was discussing with* MR. NOEL COWARD *and* MR. QUENTIN REYNOLDS *the battle over the choice of a leading actor to play Prince Louis Mountbatten in the coming £150,000 film about the British Navy. One school of thought strongly supports Noel for the part, while the other contends that a film on the Navy should be produced—like the R.A.F. "Target for To-night"—with real Service men in the leading parts.*

A Favoured Heroine. Miss Sylvia Thompson's heroine belongs to a class which her less fortunate sisters, and quite a number of male readers, too, cannot help viewing with irritation. Blanche Lancret is not exactly a *femme fatale*, still less a woman with lovers; indeed, she remains scrupulously loyal to Vernon before his marriage to the formidable Leonora and after. He only married Leonora as a *pis aller*, following a nexus of coincidences, messages that were not delivered, flowers the *provenance* of which an interfering old servant deliberately withheld; following, too, an incident which shows how seriously the youthful Blanche took herself. It was in America after the Harvard-Yale football match. Excitement ran high and Vernon had taken too

much to drink. His conduct seems to have been irreproachable except for a difference in his eyes and voice, and the "slight quavering of his gestures." But Blanche was disgusted that he "could really be drunk in my presence," and showed her disgust. Hurt, he turned to Leonora Peck . . .

Told in Retrospect. Blanche writes the story retrospectively from a house in England where she is spending the early months of the war. This method, though it helps the illusion of the lapse of time, makes the chronology of the book a little muddling—the more so that the scene is always changing. America, England, Paris, the South of France, Venice, a villa on the Brenta—these are some of the places to which Blanche takes her wounded heart, aching for renewed relationship with Vernon. In Paris she has a salon; wherever she goes she enjoys a tremendous personal success; but lacking Vernon, it is all as the sound of lyres and flutes. This unsatisfied longing makes the emotional quality of the book seem slightly steam-heated; it is stuffy with the incense which greets the world-weary, admiration-weary Blanche wherever she goes. Miss Sylvia Thompson has subdued her natural wit (though it sparkles out every now and again) out of respect, one feels, for her heroine's sorrow; her epigrams are more serious than usual, her sensibility (charmingly displayed in descriptions of Paris and so on) more watchful and rarefied. The sharp outlines, the shrewdness, the agreeable worldliness of some of the earlier books, reappear at times, but muted and misted over by a haze of languorous sentiment. Tante Julie, however, is a gay portrait, a dry-point etching whose sharpness is in contrast with a good deal of the characterisation; the little sketch of the Strudwicks, American millionaires ruined by the slump, is full of insight and tenderness; the villa on the Brenta is deliciously evoked. One criticism of "The Gulls Fly Inland" it seems hardly fair to make, since the narrator herself makes it: still, I think she is right in saying that her portrait of Vernon does not, except at odd moments, quite give the effect of a personality; Blanche is too much in love with him to be capable of an objective account which would satisfy the curiosity of an unenamoured reader.

The abdicating Shah of Persia named as his successor his son, Crown Prince Mohammed Reza, whose wife—PRINCESS FAWZIA OF EGYPT *before her marriage in 1939—is King Farouk's sister. This charming photograph was taken on her engagement. Her husband was at school at Gstaad in Switzerland, and went in for ski-ing while there.*



THE INTELLIGENCE BRANCH (*"Brains Trust"*) *of the* ROYAL AIR FORCE *is the subject of this week's "Fred May." Clifford Mollison, stage star, is one of the well-known faces attached to it. "Ted," head waiter, is seen announcing the safe arrival of "The Sketch" in the mess.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

Specialised Knowledge. Every trade or profession has its own way of life, its special convention of living, which is something more than mere routine. "Mystery" was the old word for it, and there is about any time-honoured means of livelihood something mysterious, something almost esoteric, which the layman cannot understand, and which the novelist will certainly get wrong unless he has first-hand experience of it. In these days when the social structure is receiving so many knocks that it presents to the observer a picture too flickering to be a satisfactory background for a novel, authors with a specialised knowledge of the inner workings of some trade or profession enjoy a great advantage. Closed corporations like medicine and the law, or any of the countless callings that have centuries of tradition behind them, are much less susceptible to shock and change than the general structure of society. In portraying them a writer is on comparatively firm ground; nor can the truth of his picture be readily challenged except by those, comparatively few in number, who have the same inside knowledge that he has.

Miss Josephine Bell has two strings to her bow: she knows more than we do about crime and the way it is detected, and more than we do about the medical profession. In "Martin Croft" she abandons crime and returns to doctors; and although the theme of her story is a universal one—the destructive effect of a selfish and possessive love on all who are its objects—it gains a special verisimilitude from the setting—the doctors' house to which Mary Hillman goes as secretary. Three doctors have their consulting rooms in it, but Martin Croft lives there, with his Moloch of a wife, Katherine, and his discontented daughter, Peggy. Mary conceives for this henpecked husband a sympathy that soon ripens into love; but he cannot fully return it; he is afraid of life, afraid of asserting his individuality. Eventually he obtains deliverance, but it is through another channel, the war; and Mary, too, finds for her affections an object that sustains instead of draining her emotional vitality.

"Martin Croft" is an interesting study of maladjusted lives struggling to achieve their proper pattern. Though the cloud exceeds the sunshine, it is not, taken altogether, a depressing book.

A Creepy Story. Mrs. Eberhart sets herself a high standard; she is evidently not content with devising a good plot and providing a plentiful supply of highly scented red herrings. She invests her excellent story with a strange and creeping terror; indeed, her power to make our flesh creep never appears to better effect than in "Speak No Evil"—though it must be admitted that the heroine's habit of ignoring the dangers which so plainly beset her made the would-be murderer's task seem easier than it need have. The police and even her friends appear to share her casualness, as though one attempt at murder were a thing of no account. However, their attitude gives Mrs. Eberhart a splendid chance to people the mist-shrouded island with strange and haunting terrors, and to add an ever-mounting horror to the grim tale of hatred, greed, violence and murder which she unfolds.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Walk Into My Parlour. By Margaret Lane. (*Heinemann; 9s. 6d.*)
The Gulls Fly Inland. By Sylvia Thompson. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Martin Croft. By Josephine Bell. (*Longmans; 8s. 6d.*)
Speak No Evil. By M. G. Eberhart. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

The twentieth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

GARY COOPER AS A HAPPY WARRIOR: "SERGEANT YORK."

Alvin C. York (GARY COOPER), *independent, and a conscientious objector, appeals for exemption from war service overseas. Pastor Pile* (WALTER BRENNAN) *backs him up.*

Sergeant York wrestles with his problem, and makes his decision. He reports back to the Army, ready for duty on active service in the war of 1914-18.

"SERGEANT YORK," new Warner Brothers picture due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, very shortly, is a stirring story of the 1914-18 European War, and the part which a young American hillside farmer plays in it. He has been brought up to scratch a meagre living from rocky impoverished soil, and longs passionately for a section of rich bottomland. He is wild, headstrong, tough and a heavy drinker. His plan for gaining a bottomland farm fails at the last moment, and he "gets religion" dramatically. America enters the war, but York is a pacifist. His appeals fail, and he must join up. His obvious sincerity wins his commanding officer's respect, and he is given the chance to decide for himself. He rejoins the Army, goes to France and wins great glory. Hailed as a hero he returns and refuses to "cash in" on the publicity value of his exploits. He returns home to find sweetheart Gracie waiting for him with the glorious news that the people of Tennessee have given him a bottomland farm.

In the face of seemingly hopeless odds, the country-bred marksman shoots down the oncoming Germans with the superb accuracy with which he used to bag wild turkeys.

The daring York, brilliant as well as courageous, is responsible for the capture of these files upon files of German prisoners. The former conscientious objector is a military genius.

The triumphal return of the hero in 1919. York, loaded with honours, refuses to make money by means of any Press stunts, as he will not "cash in" on his military achievements. He has only done his duty as a soldier.

Sergeant York's cup of happiness is full. He finds Gracie Williams (JOAN LESLIE) *waiting for him, and hears that the farm of his dreams has been presented to him.*

CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

R.A.F., England.

MY DEAR HANK,

I expect that this will be the last letter you will receive from this 'drome: I hope to be posted on to an Operational Squadron very shortly. That 'll be the day.

Before I write about anything else, I must tell you of the incident which set the whole camp laughing. Apparently some guy, an aircrafthand, I believe, was late for the pay parade last week, and arrived at the hangar panting his excuses.

Well, the Corporal in charge—a zealous sort of bozo, but none too well educated—walked up to where this guy was standing alone.

" Hey, you!" he said. " What the ——— are you standin' there for? Get into the ——— line!"

" But I don't know where to go, Corporal!" protested the ark (all the blokes are in alphabetical order, see).

" Wot 's yer name?"—truculently.

' Phillips, Corporal."

" Well, don't stand there like you was a ruddy post, Mister Phillips—get inter the ——— F's!" . . .

" But I don't know where to go, Corporal!"

I have been having a crack at this night-flying racket, and oh, boy! is it a thrill! I had a good type [fellow] for my instructor, and he certainly knew his stuff. Nevertheless, I was scared stiff. Fortunately for me there was a swell moon on the first night, and I could see the flying-field quite clearly once I was up.

The take-off was really weird: I could see the trees on the far boundary looming up ahead of us, and swore we were going straight into the middle of 'em. (Actually, they are only thin saplings, but the night and the moon got together and transformed them into gargantuan forest giants.) Of course I flapped [panicked] and forgot everything, and that made the Instructor a trifle brassed-off [fed-up]. After a while, however, I managed to calm down and all was jimdandy. It 's very eerie when you throttle your engines back preparatory to coming in to land; you can see all the buildings, and they appear vast, black obstacles which are all in your way; the landing-field, on the other hand, looks like a pocket-handkerchief, and a lady's one at that. The flare-path flickers in front of you; you think, "Surely those Christmas - tree candles aren't the bright lights I saw when I was on the ground!" The last few seconds as you hover sickeningly above the ground put years on you, and then that stomach-turning sensation as you swoosh down on to the deck!

Four hours in the " moosh."

It took me two and a half hours to go solo, but when I did finally make it I could have done the trip with my eyes shut. But how our boys manage to stay up in the Acheronian darkness for eight hours at a stretch has me guessing. Holy Mackerel! After a stooge that long I 'd be white-haired and gibbering!

I have also been busy trying to complete my cross-country exercises. These are nothing like as easy as the ones back home. For one thing, the airports here are so well camouflaged that you can hardly see 'em, and when you do, you 've got to locate the Goddam'd things on the map; and there 's no name CALGARY painted in socking white letters on the hangar roofs.

Then, again, the railroads! Ye gods! Honestly, Hank, they look as though they have been spun by some gigantic spider during an epileptic fit. They go everywhere and nowhere. My observer seems to be able to handle them, but they 're just one great headache to me.

Then there 's the Balloon Barrage; as big a menace to us as it is to the Jerries; and the towns. You used to be an architect: well, all I can say to you is, " Think twice before you fly over these towns—it would break your methodical heart." Gee, what planning! What chaos! If they plonked anything like that on us at home, there 'd be a revolt. Still, if the English like it—who cares? There 's one advantage, though; if *we* don't know where we are, I 'm darned sure Jerry doesn't!

I don't think I have ever told you about my Belgian friend. He is a real topnotcher (one of the best) and a crack flyer. He escaped from Belgium on board a fishing-smack, and came to England to join the R.A.F., having been in the Belgian Air Force previously. He was telling me how one day during his training at Flying School his 'plane suddenly caught fire, so he decided to take a dive with his brolly [jump with his parachute]. He landed in the middle of a farmyard, unhurt; hardly had he unclipped his 'chute when a pack of Home Guard guys came howling round the corner, armed with tommy-guns and Lord knows what. This poor Belgian started jabbering away in very broken English (mutilated, I call it!), and showed his Air Force uniform.

—hardly had he unclipped his 'chute.

" Hurrah! A spy!" shrieked the H.G. wallahs in chorus, and promptly marched him off.

He spent four hours in the " moosh " [prison, or detention] before he was finally released. Rumour has it that he haunted his mess for weeks muttering bewilderedly, " The Ingleesh—they is ker-ayzee!"

Only the other day I was listening to a bunch of the boys discussing the howlers their mothers make over matters concerning sport or the Air Force, or some such thing. I don't know much about this " rugger " which they 're so crackers about over here, but I thought it very amusing when one guy told us how his mother had asked him what colours the " All Blacks " sported: she thought they were a bunch of negroes! But that 's nothing to an extract from the letter I received from Mother to-day: " . . . I cannot understand how these Spitfires manage to catch fire; I 've used aluminium pans on the cooker ever since I was first married, and they never burn at all!" Dear old Mother—she ought to try boiling petrol in 'em sometime!

Even in this Isle, where the public are rapidly becoming " Raf " conscious, there 's a helluva lot of embarrassing howlers floating about. One observer, who was on leave, with his brevet [half-wing] up for the first time, reports that he was asked " And when are you allowed to put the ' AG.' in the middle of the ' O ' ? " Another bloke, a pilot this time, went home with his Wings but freshly sewn on to his tunic, and was promptly asked by his sister as to whether or not he had " been up " !

Last, but by no means least, is the question asked of a hitch-hiking pilot by a lady motorist: " Well, it really doesn't affect *me*, but how on earth your *'planes* manage to run on this Pool petrol is quite beyond me!"

That's all the dope [news] for now, Hank—get weaving and drop me a line soon.

Cheers,

BRICK CHALMERS.

Asked by his sister whether he 'd " been up."

LITTLE DOGS HATE BEING LAUGHED AT.*

By RALPH ARNOLD.

LADY EMILY WITTERSHAM, tiny but indomitable, forged her way through the maze of tables in the dining-room of the Shipley Hills Hotel. She was followed by her companion, Miss Stone.

Lady Emily had finished her luncheon, and her acute but essentially erratic mind was grappling with the problem of how she should spend the afternoon. She might play billiards with one of the waiters, she might sketch in water-colours, she might try and pot a rabbit with a ·22 rifle, or she might make Miss Stone's life a burden by forcing her to read aloud.

She paused beside the barometer in the hall. She had made up her mind. "Miss Stone!"

"Yes, Lady Emily."

Miss Stone brushed back a lock of limp white hair that would persist in escaping from under the brim of her hat.

"We'll go on with our book. On the cliff seat."

Miss Stone blinked anxious white eyelashes.

"We finished 'Jenkin's Green' yesterday, Lady Emily."

Lady Emily was momentarily, but only momentarily, disconcerted by realising that she hadn't the slightest recollection of what "Jenkin's Green" had been about. Bother with Poor Whites, probably, in America. That was what most novels seemed to concern themselves with nowadays. And at seventy-four one couldn't expect one's memory to be entirely reliable, even if one's eye and hand remained so commendably steady.

"Run along, then," said Lady Emily, "and get another story from the library. As dirty as possible."

Miss Stone ran.

"Poor Stone," Lady Emily was accustomed to remark. "So like a fox-terrier that's been left out in the rain."

Which was a startlingly apt description, and, if it came to that, Lady Emily herself was very like a sharp-nosed, bustling, aggressive little Cairn.

Upright as a poker, Lady Emily crossed the lawn and walked down the rhododendron-shrouded path that led to the cliff seat. She had been forestalled by a fellow-guest at the Shipley Hills Hotel, a fat, white slug of a man in a bath-chair.

Lady Emily's sharp Cairn's nose twitched with displeasure.

She detested Arthur Oxney. He was a know-all, he was ill-bred, he was bumptious, he was a glutton, and he was infernally sarcastic. One was sorry, of course, that he was crippled, but one couldn't help realising that his chair gave him, as it were, a platform from which to sneer at everything and everybody.

Lady Emily was a bully, but she wasn't a sneerer.

"Well," she said, "admiring the view?"

"Not," Arthur Oxney said, "when I've got you to look at."

He waved a podgy hand at his man-servant, Prawl, who was keeping a steadying hand on the chair, the wheels of which were only a foot or so away from the edge of the cliff.

"Bung a stone under one of the tyres," he ordered, "and then clear out."

"There," said Arthur Oxney. "Now we can talk."

Lady Emily sat down on the bench.

"What about?" she demanded.

"Oh, anything. What *does* one hotel-bore talk about to another?"

Lady Emily was flicked on the raw. She resented the mere suggestion that she might be a bore. She had, she knew, plenty of faults. She could, on occasions, be rude, difficult and a trifle too outspoken for these mealy-mouthed days. But no one had ever accused her of being a bore.

"Don't you know?" Arthur Oxney insisted.

"I should have imagined," Lady Emily said, "that you might have been in a position to tell me."

Arthur Oxney chuckled fatly.

"Food," he said. "That's what they talk about. The last meal. And speaking about *our* last meal, what did you think of the fish at lunch? Cotton-wool with pins in it, that was about the form. Why can't the chef occasionally give us a decent sauce? Anchovies, now. Surely to goodness he could get hold of some anchovies?"

"One would have thought so," Lady Emily said, adding incautiously: "After all, one can go out into the garden and pick the things."

Arthur Oxney leant forward.

"Pick them?" he said seriously. "That's interesting. Have you ever picked anchovies, Lady Emily?"

"Often," said Lady Emily shortly.

"Have you really, now," said Arthur Oxney. "And how do anchovies grow? Do tell me. I'm so ignorant about such things. Do you dig them out of the ground like potatoes?"

Lady Emily was being surely and inevitably lured to her destruction. "Certainly not," she said. "Potatoes, indeed. It's a bush. Quite a large bush. You pick the buds and pickle them, and the result is anchovies. There was a bush in the kitchen-garden at Malmaynes which my father-in-law had brought from Sicily."

Arthur Oxney suddenly gave a most unpleasant grin.

"So Lady Em," he said, in his best sneering voice, "used to step out into the garden, into the well-stocked kitchen-garden at Malmaynes Park, and pick a bunch of anchovies for her breakfast. He! he! he! he! he!" and Arthur Oxney went off into peal after peal of his utterly maddening and meaningless laughter.

Lady Emily felt a wave of angry resentment surging over her. She was being laughed at; and she didn't know what it was all about. Her expression was exactly that of a Cairn that is being made a mock of.

Arthur Oxney lay back in his chair and chortled.

"He! he! he! he! he!"

In a little, thin, furious voice Lady Emily said: "I can't see anything very amusing about it."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" gasped Arthur Oxney. "Lady Em. and her anchovy-bush. It's the funniest thing I've heard for years. Do they grow like potatoes? . . . No, on a bush. Laugh, I could die . . ."

"Certainly," said Lady Emily, "if you want to," and, with a dexterous sideways kick at the stone that Prawl had put under the wheel, and with a good hard shove behind, she sent Arthur Oxney and his chair spinning over the edge of the cliff.

"Go on," commanded Lady Emily.

The bedraggled fox-terrier looked up miserably.

She had had such an awful afternoon. Coming back from the library to find this dreadful tragedy—poor, poor Mr. Oxney; and Lady Emily being so brusque with the police-inspector, not, of course, that *anyone* thought for a single *moment* that it had been *anything* but an accident—the stone must have slipped, they'd proved that conclusively; and now this book that the minx in the library had recommended as being racy was turning out to be quite impossibly dreadful.

"Go on!" repeated Lady Emily.

"I'd really rather not," Miss Stone faltered; "such expressions!"

And then Lady Emily did the strangest thing.

She brought her little hard, ring-laden hand crack, bang down on the table beside her chair.

"Fool that I am!" she exclaimed. "It was capers I was thinking of—not anchovies at all."

"Yes," said Miss Stone, miserable and completely mystified. She was very near tears.

Lady Emily suddenly smiled at her in the kindest possible way.

"My poor Stone," she said. "I'm going to be much nicer to you in the future. And, however stupid you are, I'll never laugh at you. Little dogs hate being laughed at."

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"IT'S how to keep one's capital intact that bothers me," The Merchant was saying. "You can't feel sure that the Government will not pay off the War Loan at 100 in 1952."

"They won't pay it off," said The Broker; "but they might reduce the interest from the present three-and-a-half per cent. to three per cent."

"Giving you the option to have cash for your stock if you preferred it."

"If you took the money, you wouldn't know what to put it into," The City Editor assumed.

"Eleven years is a long time to look ahead," The Merchant observed. "Who can say what money will be worth in 1952?"

"The war might be over by then, of course; you can't tell. But the Government isn't likely to surrender, without a hard struggle, its control of the money market."

"Your idea, then, is that we shall see the War Loan interest reduced?"

"It's on the cards: a possibility to be borne in mind, that's all. Too far off to bother about, you think? Well, I'm not so sure that it isn't as well to take a long view, even in wartime."

The Engineer quoted a theory, now gaining ground, to the effect that the safest way to keep capital intact is to lend the money free of interest to the Government.

"M' yes," agreed The Broker doubtfully. "I've heard that discussed in the House. Maybe there's something in it. They could hardly impose a levy on capital that's been lent free of interest during the war."

"We have a capital levy, here and now, in our taxes and death-duties. What more do you want?"

"Oh, nothing else, thank you," The Jobber answered. "Seems to me a little contradictory, if you don't mind my saying so, that your income should shrink and your capital should increase, both at the same time."

"Does your capital increase?"

"Prices keep on going up, don't they? Most of them stand higher than they did a year ago: there have been big rises in some of the markets. But incomes aren't any larger; on the whole, they've shrunk because of extra taxation."

"It's not unpleasant to make a pound or two out of the rise in prices——" The Engineer began.

"By gambling?" asked The City Editor.

"By the purchase of shares to-day, shall we say, and the sale of them to-morrow at such a difference in prices as shall add a pound or two to one's cash in hand."

"Gambling—as I feared," The City Editor rebuked him. "The Government doesn't encourage it, you know."

"Not too much scope for netting the nimble ninepence nowadays," The Jobber retorted. "I don't mean to say that speculation is dead——"

"We know that it isn't, don't we, Brokie?" said The Merchant, who had gone joint with him in a Western Reefs dash that came off successfully.

"There aren't many markets where you can hope to get in to-day, and out to-morrow, at a profit."

"Gilt-edged stocks?"

"They take too much money for their financing."

"Argentine Railways, then. There's a good deal of gambling going on in the popular stocks, I'm told."

"So there is," The Broker allowed. "A lot of the speculation is professional, though——"

"What do you mean by that?"

"It comes from people who do little else than speculate in stocks and shares. They're always at it in one market or another."

("Or both," observed The Jobber in parenthesis.)

"But isn't it a good thing for a market to attract professional speculation, as you call it? The result should be to keep prices on the move, up and down, and that is what the gambler likes, you know."

"I do know. You've got to have money, or plenty of credit, if you mean to take up speculation at all seriously."

"Well, I don't," declared The Engineer. "But I must confess to a liking for seeing my shares go up."

"Southern Railway preferred should suit you," The Broker suggested. "Or Brum. four per cent. preference is a better-class security; it doesn't give you so high a yield, of course."

"I have a bit of that Canada money coming to me next month," said The Merchant. "It's a nuisance having my stock paid off. I don't know where to reinvest the money."

"South Africa seems to be bulging with business," The City Editor reminded them.

"But you can't buy gilt-edged South African stocks, I'm told. Oh, yes, I know one can get South African brewery shares and Kaffirs and O.K. Bazaars. I want something nearer a trustee stock to put the Canada cash into."

"Australia is your best hope——"

"Probably I shall have to use it in an Australian stock. One hesitates to buy just anything with money that comes from a trustee security."

"Why not put it into Savings bonds and do your country a spot of good? The price will go to a premium as soon as the tap is turned off, in the same way as National War Bonds have done."

"Much to my pleasant surprise," The Merchant confessed. "I thought I was stuck with them for keeps, but, bless my soul, I see a profit on them now!"

"The same thing will happen to Savings Threes."

"Or you might lend the money to the Government free of interest. We have all got to make sacrifices," The Jobber continued. "I'm only a poor man myself, and please don't think I'm boasting; but I've offered the Treasury my overdraft for the duration and twelve months after."

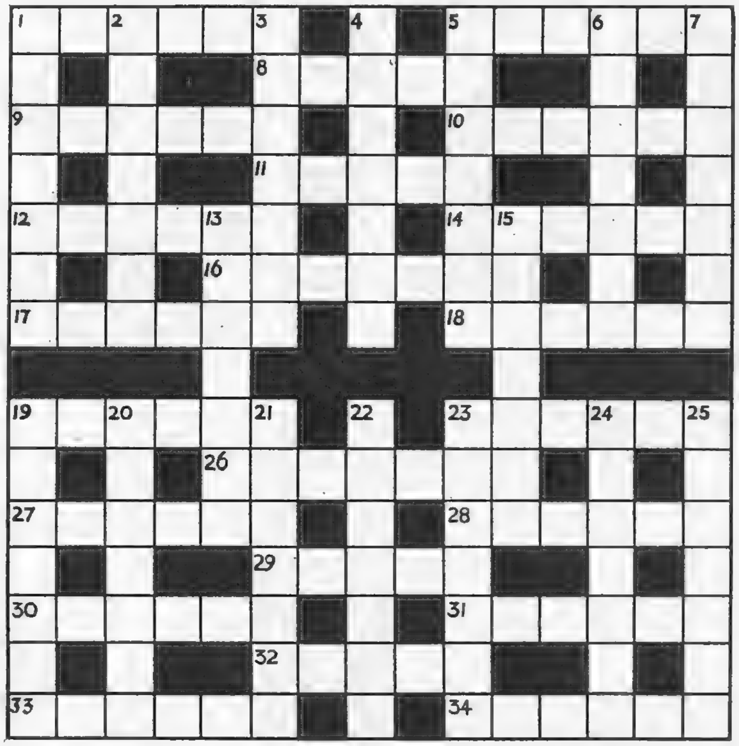
"Ha, ha!" said The Broker wearily. "Excruciatingly witty, aren't you? I wouldn't accept your sacrifice even if you paid me to—that I wouldn't."

"Perhaps not. But maybe Sir Kingsley Wood. And if you want to blather about wits, buy yourself a hundred Wests o' that ilk, keep them for twelve months, and then come and thank me for being wise as well as funny. Cheerio, dearie; see you in the House by-and-by!"

"And I believe he's right," The Engineer pensively concluded.

Friday, Sept. 19, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. This bird has a half-sister and, of course, other relations (6).
5. Take back your pledge honourably (6).
8. Wear away with a poetic finish (5).
9. A British honour received by the Axis for principles (6).
10. Another bird. This one has an affectionate heart (6).
11. Trying experiment, especially after a murder (5).
12. One of the Tells. No relation to the Swiss archer (6).
14. This should be Greek to you (6).
16. Or French angels for fruit (7).
17. Were I immersed in these seas servants would emerge (6).
18. A veteran when old (6).
19. Footwear that's sweet-smelling before wood (6).
23. A teetotaller among the *bier* (6).
26. Explosively energetic (7).
27. Take a wrong step in a mountain and overwhelming fear appears (6).
28. He gets mixed up in a mass and causes humiliation (6).
29. Hidden in "Having your attention I can now begin to stir things up" (5).
30. Book of the O.T. (6).
31. Nude (6).
32. Hidden in No. 29 (5).
33. Decorative portions of dress seen in most windows (6).
34. "Use lot" to dishevel (6).

DOWN.

1. Birdland's murderer exhibits the fatal weapon (7).
2. A kitchen implement that needs dexterity and French to fashion (7).
3. Squatters on cattle ranges or naughty boys after birds (7).
4. In the Middle Ages sold after love to invoke love (7).
5. Answers to correspondents—mostly untruths (7).
6. Indulging in one of the seven deadly sins (7).
7. Salt, and his stories need it sometimes (7).
13. To the Navy bother comes. What a storm! (7).
15. "Chorist" (anag.; 7).
19. More birds, perhaps, and such easy ones, too (7).
20. Straits (7).
21. Song-writers (7).
22. Ten ears needed to *see* this pledge (7).
23. And this clue really does take the confection (7).
24. Falls caused by a stumble (7).
25. And this is all that's left, thank goodness! (7).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPTEMBER 10.

ACROSS.—1. Cowslips. 5. Aspire. 9. Unerring. 10. Couple. 12. Irises. 13. Rare ripe. 15. Asphalt. 16. Post. 19. Rook. 20. Special. 25. Linesman. 26. Millet. 28. Ireton. 29. Positive. 30. Gasper. 31. Miss peak.

DOWN.—1. Cousin. 2. Weevil. 3. Largess. 4. Pine. 6. Stoker. 7. Imprison. 8. Elements. 11. Padlock. 14. Chapman. 17. Drilling. 18. Counters. 21. Amities. 22. Ashore. 23. Plaice. 24. Streak. 7. Loti.

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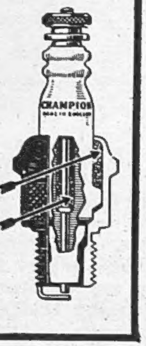


WOMEN IN WARTIME

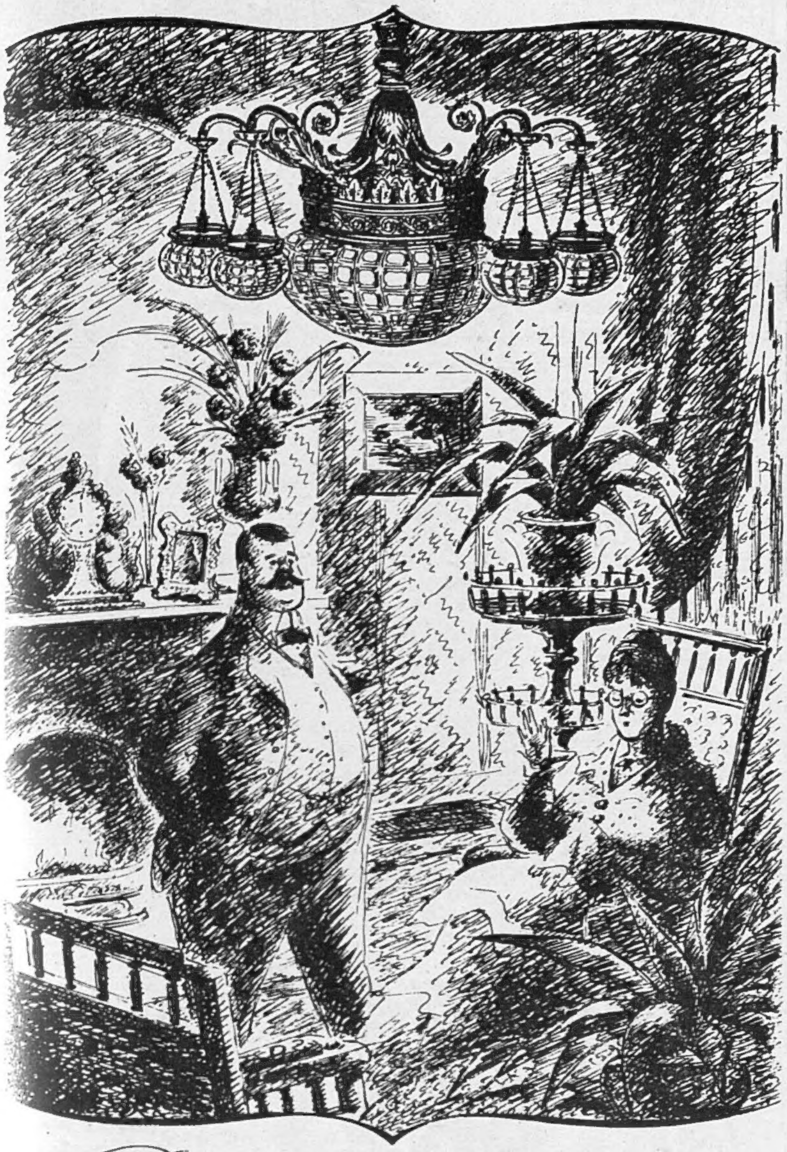
COATS OF FUR FABRIC WOOL BOUCLE AND TWEED

GREAT are the improvements that have been made in fur fabrics: so much so that in the distance it is extremely difficult to distinguish them from their prototype fur. Gorringes in the Buckingham Palace Road have assembled in their salons a most interesting collection. The model portrayed, a reproduction of Indian lamb, is attractively shaded, and available in grey as well as brown. Then there are those of ocelot and beaver; they are sometimes called fur fabrics. Everyone must make a point of seeing the Rodex llamovel coats; some are belted, others of the swagger persuasion. They are very warm and they are perfectly ventilated.

A COAT is an important occupant of the wardrobe: therefore women make a point of selecting their winter one with the utmost care. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, are specialising in well-tailored coats which treat the figure in a kindly manner. The coat seen above is of a new woollen boucle enriched with ocelot. Mackintoshes are well represented, many with collars.

THERE really is nothing more useful in the world of dress than an ensemble, especially when it comes from Fortnum and Mason's salons, Piccadilly. To them must be given the credit of the tweed model portrayed on the right. It consists of coat, skirt and wrap coat. It is welcome news that this firm has a variety of suits of a non-committal character which, with slight alterations, may be brought up to date for the spring. Their new colours are New York Blue, Windsor Royal and Kent Green.

You may laugh at it to-day...



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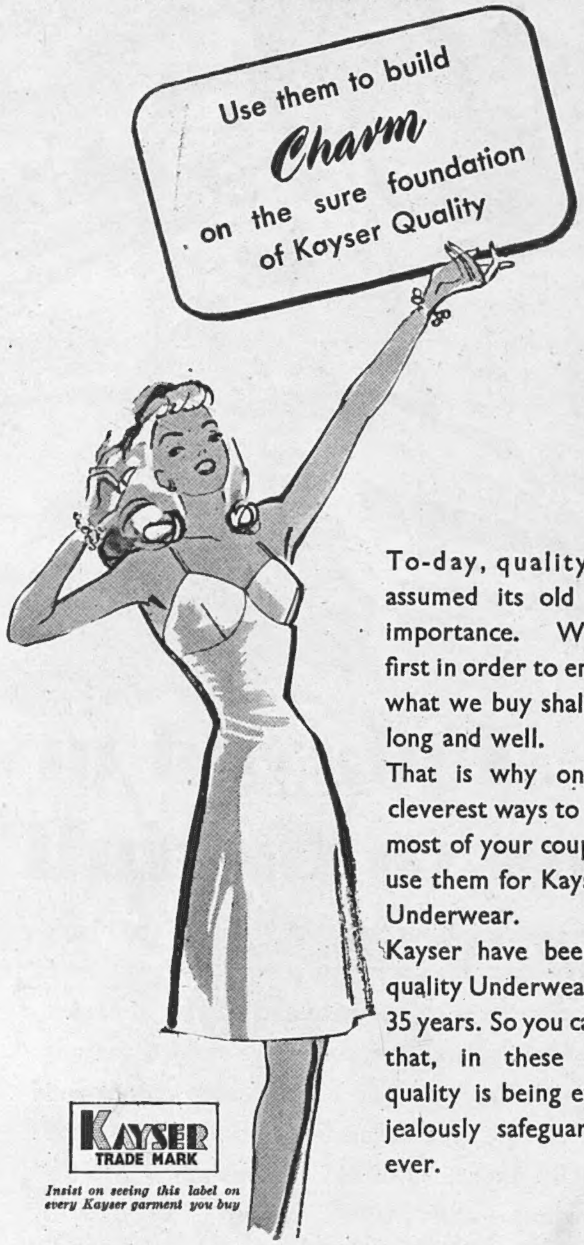
Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

HOW TO BE CLEVER WITH COUPONS



Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy

To-day, quality has re-assumed its old and true importance. We put it first in order to ensure that what we buy shall serve us long and well.

That is why one of the cleverest ways to make the most of your coupons is to use them for Kayser 7-size Underwear.

Kayser have been making quality Underwear for over 35 years. So you can be sure that, in these days, its quality is being even more jealously safeguarded than ever.

PRINCESS SLIPS	Bust	
K.7 Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36" ...	**8/11**
	38", 40" ...	**9/11**
K.C.7 Rayon Crêpe	42", 44" ...	**11/6**
FRENCH KNICKERS	Waist	
F.K.4 Rayon Satin	25", 27", 30", 33"	**5/9**
F.K.C.4 Rayon Crêpe	- - - -	**5/9**

Shades: Nectarine, Ivory, Azure, Black

THESE PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO THE ADDITION OF PURCHASE TAX

KAYSER

7-size tailored underwear

The perfect stockings to wear with your Kayser Underwear are, of course, **Kayser-Bondor.** Fully fashioned in the newest shades. Ask to see them at your draper's.

LONDON • BALDOCK, HERTS • BIGGLESWADE, BEDS • DOWLAIS, GLAM

GREAT-COATS *for the* W.R.N.S.

There's already an R in the month—and that means a nip in the air! That is the reason for showing you this unusually elegant W.R.N.S. officer's Greatcoat, which nevertheless conforms strictly to pattern. Moss Bros. make it to measure for you in the shortest possible time — and make equally distinguished greatcoats and uniforms for officers in any of the other women's Services. All accessories are available, too, ready-to-wear and in a wide range.

Please write for Women's Price List.

MOSS BROS & CO. LTD.

Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth; and Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Heysham, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivenham, York.

COVENT GARDEN
Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2.

TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines).

Facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe

Now that it looks as though the time may come when you'll be facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe—ask your tailor to cut it in Sportex. A suit of this firm-woven Scottish cloth will keep you looking serenely well-turned-out in town or country long after the average suit would be showing serious signs of overwork.

"Have it cut in **SPORTEX** it'll last as long as mine"

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR